

# Vinnie Paz - Monster's Ball Lyrics

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I feel reinvigorated, don't fuck with the boss  
I'd rather cut my own throat before suffering loss  
Anybody fucking with me get hung on the cross  
I have anger in me, don't make me summon the source  
I go to war with the Glock  
I go to war with anybody motherfucker, I'm a sorcerer ock  
Fucking everything whether the bitch is gorgeous or not  
I murder everything, that's just some of my torturous plot  
If you righteous and you under attack  
Like the Anbar Awakening and Sons of Iraq  
The fifty cal is like a thunderous clap  
If you think that you safe and nothing wrong that's a presumptuous act  
It ain't no tomorrow, I don't got a dime saved  
And if you did it's in the Wall Street crime wave  
It ain't nothing worse in the world than a mind slave  
Going to war with my people how I define brave

[Chorus]

I'm a monster  
Ain't no one can fuck with the kid  
I'm a monster  
My jail brothers stuck with a bid  
I'm a monster  
Everything I do is precise  
I'm a monster  
Pazienza ruin your life

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[Verse 2]

Yeah you know that Vinnie he been nice  
Y'all don't belong inside of the ring like you Kimb' Slice  
I ain't gonna take all of your skin, just a thin slice  
They call me John "The Beast" Mugabi when Vin fights  
Vin Laden, Taliban, Hamas, and Al-Qaeda  
You a snitch cop lover, you fuck with a traitor  
I'm a motherfucking brick you constructed of paper  
I dumped the motherfucking clip now you dust and you vapour

I was there when all the planets was born  
Before the Continental Drift and when Atlantis was formed  
When Gandhi told the Indians to stand and be strong  
And took the British out with intellect in spite of their brawn

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Everything Pazienza do is hard body  
I don't care if you Blood, Neta, or Godbody  
I was devilish before the power of God got me  
I just think I let the fucking sword of Allah chop em  
Mossberg nine thirty-five is amazing  
The Prada high-tops the same colour as raisin  
He a rat, not even his mother can save him  
That's what you get for being brothers with Satan  
The thirty-eight practical, the Glock is for fair  
And this for jail brothers something they can knock on the tier  
Yeah, I'll stick a knife in your esophagus queer  
I'm an animal, every rhyme will demolish you queers  
Gas high but you can get the D for a real price  
This Sig Sauer 1911 is real nice  
I'll stick through the wrist with a steel spike  
And now maybe you'll overstand the pain of the real Christ

[Chorus]